



**like the world,
or the person
you love**

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like the world, or the person you love by punk_rock_yuppie

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Summary:

Bill has a surprise for Richie.

like the world, or the person you love

Author's Note:

aaaaand here we go, worming my way into YET ANOTHER fandom. sigh. here goes, my first try at some IT fic (which i never thought i'd be writing, but here we are).

some disclaimers to start: the boys are aged up to 19; this is set in some indeterminate future where they're living happily together. i wrote this with the understanding that the events of the movie had taken place, but nothing is directly referenced so you could consider it an AU if you wanted. this also isn't set in a specific timeframe, but i wrote it with the 90s in mind, for what it's worth. additionally, richie's trans experience is based on my own queer experiences as well as those of my friends--so you might find it's not exactly the same as your own.

big thanks to hannah (cathect, here on ao3) for cheering me on and looking the fic over once i finished. i couldn't do it w/o her!!

lastly, for optimal enjoyment please check out my fancasts for older [richie](#) & [bill](#).

i think that's enough of my yammering for now. on with the show!

“You want to what?” Richie’s voice squeaks as he rounds on his boyfriend.

Bill frowns. He’s leaning against the threshold of the bedroom door, with his arms crossed over his chest. “I said, you sh-should fuck me.” He swallows his stutter forcefully and allows himself to be pleased with the mostly not-choppy sentence. His stutter has gotten better over the years thanks to tongue twisters and sheer perseverance. But it’s still there, it just doesn’t hang on every word.

"I heard you, dipshit." Richie's scowling now. "I don't get what you're saying."

"What's not to get?" Bill asks as he breezes by the snappish tone. "You should f-fuck me. That's all there is to it."

Richie finally throws his book aside and pushes his glasses up his nose with enough force that Bill winces in sympathy. "Fuck you, Denbrough." He stands and yanks on his shoes without any grace, only anger in his movements. Bill waits until Richie tries to shoulder-check him at the door, and that's when Bill catches him by the arms.

"Stop it, Richie," Bill says. "I'm not being an a-asshole."

"You kind of are," Richie tells him, scowl deepening. He doesn't try to pull away from Bill's grip, though.

"I got us a..." Blush burning up his neck and face, Bill tries to ignore the stutter on the tip of his tongue. "Something."

"A something?" Richie retorts.

Bill grins back. "A something," he agrees. His fingertips drift until he can take Richie's hands in his. "You t-trust me?"

Richie groans. "Yes, fucker."

"Richie."

Richie deflates and drops his gaze. "Yeah, of course I do."

Bill nods. He drops one of Richie's hands to take him by the chin instead. He pulls Richie into a soft and sweet kiss. "Alright. I'll be right back, okay?"

Richie leans in and steals another kiss before nodding.

Bill flushes a worse pink when he grabs the deep, romantic purple

bag from the back of his 1950 South Dakota. The boxes inside are wrapped in tissue paper which at least gives some illusion of discretion but not much. He can make out the faintly obscene shape on the outside of the box. He slams his car door shut and hurries back into his and Richie's apartment.

"Took you long enough." Richie is back on the bed but hasn't resumed his book. His hands are behind his head and he's staring at the ceiling. He looks over when Bill walks in though, and his eyes get impossibly wider behind the thick lens of his glasses. "What's that?"

"It's our someth-thing," Bill tells him. He sits at the edge of the bed, beside Richie's feet, and holds out the bag. "Open it."

Richie sits up in a rush and nearly knocks the bag out of his hands with his eagerness. He drops the bag in his lap and starts to dig through it. He tears out the first layer of tissue paper and grabs the first box he sees.

Of course, the first box is... well...

"Is this—is this a fucking *dildo*?" Richie asks, half-laughing and half wheezing.

"Y-yeah." Bill takes the box from Richie's hands. "It'll make more sense if you open the other st-stuff."

Richie stares at him suspiciously but does as told. He reaches in, tosses aside another handful of tissue paper, and retrieves the bottle of lube next.

"Water-based?" Richie asks. He raises an eyebrow at Bill who only flushes in response. Richie sets the bottle aside and digs around the bag again. This time, he pulls out the harness. "A... harness?"

Now a blush spreads across Richie's cheeks and Bill relishes the sense of accomplishment.

"I want you to f-f-fuck me," he says again.

Richie drops the harness in his lap. "I—Bill, are you sure?" His words and hands are shaking but there's a glint in his eyes Bill knows well.

"I'm positive, Richie. Will you?"

Richie shoves the toys off their bed and clambers into Bill's lap. "I fucking love you, you lunatic." He cups Bill's cheeks and kisses him furiously. "You total fucking dickhead." Richie punctuates each word with a biting kiss to Bill's lips. "Fuck you," Richie tells him, breathlessly delighted.

"T-that's the plan," Bill retorts.

Despite the fervor in the kiss and the flush on both their faces, they don't make use of the toys that night. They're in too much of a hurry to bother with the toy and the harness and talking it all over. They barely manage to even get their pants off before they start rubbing against each other desperately.

Bill comes first, wound tight from the excitement on Richie's face, and the moment he stops feeling boneless he sets his sights on Richie. He presses his palm to Richie's cock through the briefs and rubs insistently. He sucks deep red lovebites into Richie's neck and in between each stinging kiss, he tells Richie how excited he is. How excited he is for Richie to fuck him, to make him feel so good, to make him *come* .

Richie comes with a strangled cry and his nails digging into Bill's chest.

"I love you," Richie says, panting, as they collapse in a heap on their bed. "Great reveal, ten out of ten."

Bill snickers. "Y-yeah? Not too mean?"

"Nah, you could never *really* be mean." Richie raises his head long enough to grin. "Not to me at least. I should've known better."

Bill rolls his eyes. "Beep beep, Richie," he mutters fondly.

Richie's back hits the door and he groans, arches his back in response. "Bill, c'mon," he mutters as his boyfriend tries to grasp the doorknob to no avail. "It's not that fucking hard!" Richie snaps. He's not helping matters by pressing himself all along Bill's body, making it hard to think and harder still to control his fine motor skills.

Bill shoots him a glare the same moment his hand lands on the knob, *finally*, and the bedroom door flies open. They both go stumbling in, tripping over themselves and each other. They manage to stay on their feet until they get to the bed. Bill goes down first and Richie falls onto him, slots their bodies together with practiced ease.

"Can—can we—?" Richie moans as he breaks the kiss. He sits back long enough to stare at Bill with wide, pleading eyes. His chest is heaving and the sight tears a moan from Bill's mouth.

"F-fuck yes, please." He yanks at the hem of his own shirt and tosses it aside; then, he moves to Richie's and draws the garish top up and away. Briefly, he traces his fingers over the lines of Richie's binder and wrings a shiver from his boyfriend. "I love you," Bill murmurs.

"Sap," Richie moans. He leans over Bill to the bedside table where the toys sit. He hauls them out one at a time and drop them on the bed beside Bill. He drops his hands to the button of Bill's jeans and undoes them in a hurry. Obediently, Bill lifts his hips and Richie practically tears off the jeans and briefs in a single fell swoop.

Richie clambers off the bed then, leaving Bill naked and hard. Richie shimmies out of his own pants but hesitates when his hands hit the waistband of his underwear.

Bill sits up slowly. "R-Richie?"

Richie's eyes flick to the harness on the bed, and realizing dawns on Bill.

"Why don't I r-run to the bathroom real quick?" Bill says, already slipping off the bed. "I should g-get washed up."

Richie's eyes are wide, still, but not with arousal. Or, perhaps there's an underlying sense of arousal still lingering. Mostly he's shocked,

awed. “You—really?”

Bill just nods. “I’ll j-just be a second.” He walks up to Richie and kisses him sweetly on the lips. Then, he whispers, “if you need help, just ask, o-okay?”

Richie nods jerkily, and Bill steps back. He leaves the bedroom and makes the quick trip down the hall to their cramped bathroom. He leaves the door open just an inch in case Richie does end up needing his help, and then he starts to clean himself. He doesn’t take a shower, but he does let the showerhead run and lathers some soap onto a cloth.

By the time he’s finished, he’s a little out of breath from exertion and lust both. He turns off the water and dries himself off half-heartedly. He slips back into the hall and schools himself into a walk, rather than a sprint, to get back to the bedroom.

Richie is standing at the foot of the bed, pink from his ears to his toes, with the harness strapped in and the dildo situated in the v of his hips. His hands are fidgeting at his sides and his hips are pushed out slightly, and Bill’s mouth is watering. The harness is black and fits Richie like a glove, and the artificial dick protruding is flesh-toned and thick. Bill feels dizzy but has the wherewithal to check on Richie.

“How does it f-feel?” Bill asks as he closes the bedroom door behind him.

Richie opens his mouth. “It’s—?” His voice cracks and he snaps his mouth shut.

“Is it okay?” Bill asks in a rush. He reaches out and takes Richie by the arms, and his thumbs rub the same soothing path they always do.

“It’s...Fuck, *Bill* .” Richie keens and hauls Bill in by the back of his neck for a bruising kiss. They stumble back onto the bed and Bill spreads his legs to accommodate Richie. Despite the coolness of the material, the brush of the artificial cock against Bill’s thigh is thrilling. As if reading his thoughts, Richie moans again.

Richie fumbles for the lube and spreads some across three fingers. "Ready?" He asks, breathless.

Bill nods. He scoots up the bed a little further so his head is against the plush pillows, and Richie moves with him. When he sees Richie start to hesitate, Bill spreads his legs again, wider this time. He grins at the strangled sound that tumbles from Richie's throat.

Richie finally brings his slick hand between Bill's legs and in the same motion, ducks down to suck the head of Bill's dick into his mouth.

"F-fuck, Richie!" Bill cries out. He tangles a hand in Richie's curls and tugs lightly. "Fuck," he moans again. He arches his back as Richie skirts a single finger between his cheeks. The heavy suction around him distracts him as Richie slides his first finger in. It's not the first time they've done this, not the first time Richie has finger-fucked Bill. Not the first time Richie has sucked him off, either.

But knowing what's coming next has Bill's blood burning.

"A-a-another," Bill gasps as he tightens around the intrusion. Richie obliges and on the next thrust in, he presses with two fingers and Bill groans. Richie smirks around Bill and bobs his head slowly, tortuously slow.

Richie adds a third finger without being asked and before long Bill is shoving at his curls and bucking his hips in protest. "C'mon, R-Richie, I'm ready."

Richie sits back and wipes the drool from his lips. With his sticky hand he grabs the lube again and dribbles more into his palm. He drags the slick across the soft silicone of his prick and shudders. Bill watches Richie touch himself, watches Richie watch himself as if mesmerized by the motions.

Bill sits up and wraps a hand around Richie's and together they stroke him. Richie lets out a choked gasp that turns into a whimper as Bill drags his teeth across Richie's collarbone. "You look so handsome, Richie," Bill says against his boyfriend's skin. "You look so good. Does it feel good?"

Richie whimpers again and nods. “It—every time it moves, it brushes against...” Richie shivers and cants his hips forward. “Please, can I?”

Bill falls back in an instant. He nods with a smile at Richie.

“Pillow, hand me a pillow,” Richie demands shakily. Bill passes one over and isn’t surprised when Richie shoves it under his hips for a better angle. “Ready?” Richie asks in a thin, desperate tone.

Bill just nods once more. As Richie gets closer, Bill’s hands find his shoulders and hold tight. There’s still an odd chill, between the lube and the material of the dildo, but the discomfort passes quickly as Richie starts to push inside.

“O-oh, *fuck*,” Richie moans. His eyes are fixated between them and he watches his cock sink into Bill with a rapt gaze. His lips are quivering and his eyes are impossibly wide, would be even if he didn’t have his ridiculous glasses on. Each inch he slides forward, Richie lets out a breathless little gasp.

“It’s g-good, Richie,” Bill tells him. He pulls Richie closer as he finally bottoms out. Their chests brush together and Bill’s own prick coats Richie’s stomach with smears of precome. “So good.”

Richie just nods and bites his lip. Then, slowly, he draws himself back out and pushes forward again. As he bottoms out a second time, he moans. “Oh, shit, Bill.”

Bill pulls Richie close and kisses him. “C-c-c’mon, Richie, f-f-fuck me.” Bill knots a hand in Richie’s hair as incentive, and Richie doesn’t disappoint. He pulls out again and slams forward this time, and then again, and again. Each time, Bill gasps out a moan as tendrils of pleasure run up his spine. “Ye-yes, yes,” he chants, watching delight brighten Richie’s eyes. “How does it f-feel?” He asks.

“Really good,” Richie says shakily. “I wanna make you come.” Richie drops to hold himself up on his elbows and thrusts faster. “Will you come for me, Bill?” Richie asks through heaving gasps for air.

Bill drops a hand to his dick and starts to stroke in time with Richie’s

thrusts. "I l-love this," he murmurs, hitched. "Y-you feel so good inside me, Rich-chie." Bill doesn't close his eyes but it's a near thing, as the pleasure starts to consume him. Richie is thick inside him, and long—not too much but just enough, and every other thrust Richie glides across Bill's prostate perfectly.

"I love you so much," Richie tells him. He's peppering kisses over Bill's face and they're wet with half-formed moans. "I love you so fuckin' much, Bill, *fuck*."

"I'm g-gonna come, Richie," Bill still has one hand tangled in Richie's hair and he uses it to angle for a kiss. Richie keeps muttering into the kiss, and Bill drinks in the words even as he starts to tense, as his spine goes tight the heat in his belly unfurls. "Richie, I'm—!" He doesn't get the words out before he's coming in long spurts over his hand and their stomachs. His cock pulses in his hand and he keeps stroking until it's too much.

Bill blinks and realizes Richie's thrusts have slowed to a stop.

"Richie?" Bill asks through the haze of orgasm. He realizes Richie is grinning at him, pink in the cheeks and sweaty.

"I love you."

Bill laughs quietly. "So you said," He sits up a bit when Richie does, follows him for a kiss. "Did you come?"

Richie shakes his head and shrugs. "I made you come though, which is..." He looks as though he's marveling at the thought. "It was good, right? For you?"

Bill belatedly realizes they're still joined, and he wriggles his hips for emphasis. "It was a-amazing, Richie."

Still beaming, Richie carefully pulls out. He sits back on his haunches and his breathing finally starts to settle into a normal rhythm.

"Can I?" Bill asks as he sits up and reaches for Richie. When he gets a somewhat hesitant nod in response, he asks, "what do you want me to do?"

Richie reaches for the straps of the harness on either side of him. "What do you want to do?" He slides off the bed ungracefully and Bill watches him remove the harness. It comes undone easily, and Richie lets it fall to the floor in a heap along with the dildo.

Bill motions Richie closer. He pulls Richie until they're on the bed together, and then he pushes Richie to his back. "Trust me?" He asks.

Richie nods.

"I've got a c-couple ideas." Bill starts off by lacing his words with gentle kisses along Richie's jawline. "I could tell you how much I loved you fucking me, get you off with my hand."

Richie's breathing starts to quicken again. "Or?" He asks quietly.

"Or I cou-could taste you." Bill drags his tongue along a tendon in Richie's neck, tastes the thrumming of his pulse just under his skin. "P-preference?"

Richie groans. "You're gonna kill me."

Bill shakes his head fondly. "O-or," he says again when it's clear Richie is torn. "I could just keep kissing you." He pulls back to admire the lovebites he's left behind, and licks his lips. "All o-over, until you make up your mind." He kisses down Richie's neck to the hollow of his collarbones, and sucks a mark onto the skin. He nuzzles the edge of the binder before jumping down to the opposite hem, and running his tongue along the edge.

Richie's stomach clenches under his touch and the faint hair on his abdomen tickles Bill's tongue. Bill moves a little lower until he hits a spot on Richie's stomach still overlain with remnants of his baby-fat. Even at nineteen, Richie is still softer than he is sharp, and Bill digs his teeth into the skin and sucks.

Richie's back bows and nearly dislodges Bill—nearly, but not quite. Bill stays latched onto the skin and revels in the feeling of a lovebite forming until Richie is keening and pushing at his head weakly. Then, Bill pulls back to admire the reddish-purple handiwork blooming on Richie's stomach.

“Made up your mind y-y-yet?” Bill asks with his lips hovering over Richie’s bellybutton.

Richie shrugs but when he speaks, he’s breathless. “Maybe you should keep going.”

Bill hides his grin in a kiss to Richie’s hip. “I go any lower and I-I’m gonna make the choice for you.” Even so, he drifts lower still. He swallows the scent surrounding him and finally looks up to Richie.

Richie nods, unashamed, and spreads his legs wider.

Bill ducks down and drags his tongue through Richie’s pubic hair until he hits the warm, swollen nub of his cock. He can’t quite wrap his lips around it, but he can drag his tongue in broad strokes that drive Richie wild. He doesn’t start with those, not yet; he starts with letting his breath fan over the sensitive skin and waits until Richie’s squirming before giving him a single kitten lick.

“I fucking hate you.” Richie sighs. It’s a dreamy sigh, though, hardly laced with any irritation at all.

Bill doesn’t bother hiding his smirk from Richie, and gets a gentle knee in his side in retaliation. As an apology, he presses a solid, wet kiss to Richie’s prick. He holds the pressure for a few moments before finally opening his mouth and drawing the flat of his tongue across the swollen skin.

“Fuck, yes ,” Richie keens. From the corner of his gaze Bill watches him toss his head from side to side. The curls not stuck to his skin with sweat fly and sprawl over the pillows. “Bill, *please* .”

Bill pushes Richie’s legs open and rests his hands on the soft skin of his inner thighs. He rubs his thumbs in gentle circles, seemingly innocent, until his touch gets closer and closer to the juncture of thigh and hip and Richie starts to shake. He’s ticklish there, but in a moment like this it only fuels the fire, and Bill endures the wave of Richie’s hips easily.

“Bill, Bill I’m close.” Richie hitches a leg over Bill’s shoulder and pushes him closer by digging a heel into his back.

Bill presses his tongue more firmly against Richie's cock, laps at the salty taste of his skin faster. Richie's hand in his hair guides him, keeps him from pulling back each time Richie rolls his hips against the pressure. Bill inhales through his nose and the overwhelming scent of Richie—his sweat, his skin, *everything* —has his dick twitching feebly against the sheets.

He moans desperately against Richie, and like an echo Richie gives a wanton shout.

"Fuck, *Bill!*" Just like that, his body tenses and his legs snap together to hold Bill in place. Richie rides his orgasm and his hips work furiously as he comes. Bill is surrounded by the taste and scent of Richie's orgasm, the feeling of his body tensing rhythmically, the sounds of Richie coming utterly undone above him. It seems to go on for eons until Richie's body suddenly goes slack and his moans subside.

Bill pulls back and slides up Richie's body, dropping soft kisses as he goes. Richie smiles lazily up at him and draws him in for a kiss, a single chaste kiss that turns into several, open-mouthed.

"We-well?" Bill asks when they're finally settled; their bodies are still thrumming with lust but Bill's more content to lay beside Richie in the afterglow.

"Bill Denbrough, did you know I am madly in love with your tongue?" Richie drawls.

Bill scowls good-naturedly. "You're awful," he says, fondly.

Richie grins. "Thank you, for... for that." He nods subtly toward the edge of the bed.

"Was it good?"

Richie nods. "Maybe, though..."

"Anything y-you want," Bill says immediately.

Richie lights up in a blush. "A vibrator. A small one? I was looking at the box and there's a pocket—?"

“Consider it d-done.” Bill reaches across Richie to link their fingers together; he brings Richie’s hand up and kisses his knuckles. “Maybe th-this time you can g-go with me, hm?”

Richie’s gaze melts as his pupils dilate. “It’s a date.”

Bill laughs and tucks himself closer to Richie. “It’s a date,” he agrees.

Author’s Note:

i've got half a mind to turn this into a series; would there be interest in that?? let me know!!

hope you liked it! <3